

THE  
**MASONIC MISCELLANY.**

AND

**LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.**

---

VOL. I.

FOR JANUARY, 1822.

NO. 7.

---

AN ADDRESS,

Delivered on the 25th June, A. L. 5821, before Pickaway Lodge No 23, at Circleville, Ohio, it being the festival of St. John the Baptist; by brother CALEB ATWATER, a member of said lodge.

*Worshipful Master, Wardens, and Brethren,*

On a day, dedicated to the recollection of departed worth, I rise to address you. I shall not undertake to prove to you the purity of our principles, their importance, and usefulness in the world, because, on this subject, I am aware that nothing is needed in aid of your own solemn convictions. Neither shall I undertake to answer objections made to our order, by ignorance, bigotry, envy, and malice. The candid inquirer after truth, will find more information concerning free masonry, than I have now time to furnish, in the writings of Preston, Harris, Webb, and Cross. To these authors, and to the book of constitutions, I must refer those, who, without initiation into our sublime mysteries, wish to become acquainted with the principles of free masonry. Nor shall I undertake to furnish you with a history of an order, which has existed through all ages of the world, and in every country where the arts and sciences have been nursed. Addressing myself to persons, standing in the centre of an ancient, open temple,\* erected by a people evidently acquainted with astronomy, trigonometry, and many of the arts and sciences,

\* See *Archæologia Americana*, article Circleville, where the antiquities of the place are described

The court house, where this address was delivered, is at the centre of a round work. Adjoining this round work, on the eastern side, is a square work. It is impossible to convey an idea of these works without a plate, which is in the book above referred to.

need I attempt to prove to you the great antiquity of free masonry? The circles and squares, triangles, and other mathematical figures, so often found among the works of that people, who raised, in the early ages of mankind, the open lodge, whose walls now surround us, demonstrate that their authors were acquainted with the "royal art." Works like these are uniformly *situated either on the highest hills or in the lowest vales*. Where we find square lodges, are they not *situated due east and west*? Behold this circular, and that square work! Here, at the centre, once stood a funeral pyre: is it not now represented on our carpets by the blazing star? This funeral pyre, used also as an altar, had a semicircular, Mosaic pavement on the east side of it, the remains of which are still visible. See, also, in the walls which surround us *the two parallel lines, on the vertex of which rests the square work in the east*! Have we not perverted the ancient simplicity of the craft, in our traditions, in some cases, referring to things comparatively recent, instead of travelling back to the earliest ages of mankind, when our brethren worshipped in open lodges? Assembled then, at the centre of an ancient lodge, erected by our ancient brethren, in the earliest ages of the world, whose only covering was the cloudy canopy, or starry heavens, are you surprised that freemasonry dates its origin from a high antiquity?

With such proofs of the antiquity of our order, constantly before our eyes, for additional ones, need we travel to Egypt, to Tyre, to Jerusalem? Are our proofs less ancient than theirs, or less conclusive? The very reverse is the real fact. Our proofs, how simple, yet how sublime! Through what a long lapse of time have they withstood his dilapidating hand! How venerable appear they, in their decay! How afflicting the idea, that they will soon disappear before us, so that not even a trace shall tell where they once were! The working tools of the craft are often found in them; several of which I have seen, and can entertain no doubt as to their authors, nor of the uses to which they were put. All I can do, is to call your attention to a subject, which has occupied my mind for some time past, assuring the FRATERNITY, that, should they demand it, a memoir on this subject, will, in due time, be laid before them.

My Brethren—this day is dedicated to departed, worthy masons. In every age, in every country, mankind have observed stated anniversaries. Before a knowledge of letters became general among men, this custom was necessary, in order to preserve the recollection of important events in the history of nations. But, though the knowledge of letters, through the invention of the art of printing, is widely diffused, yet, from the very constitution of the human mind, the observance of stated anniversaries is almost as necessary now, as it was formerly. Need we not to be reminded of duties to be performed, of principles to be regarded, of vices to be shunned! This festival is kept by us, in honour of a great patron of freemasonry, St. John the Baptist. He was the immediate forerunner of Jesus Christ. Though “he was not the true light, that lighteth every man that cometh into the world, yet he came to bear witness of that light;” to point out to his countrymen, Jesus, as the Saviour of the world, and as a herald to proclaim his near approach. A great prophet, he foretold the coming of the Messiah; a great reformer of mankind, he called on them to repent and be baptized.

Austere and exemplary, his food was locusts and wild honey; his bed was the earth, his covering the cloudy canopy of heaven, his drink the limpid rill, his clothing sackcloth, his usual abode amidst the shady bowers of Enon’s hill, his company the thousands who followed him, to hear his eloquent discourses; nightly, his meditations were on heaven and heavenly things; daily, his discourses pointed out to man his duty to himself, his neighbour, and his God. His zeal, his temperance, his truth, his justice, his courage, his fortitude, his fidelity, his love to God and man, deserve our reverence, our admiration, gratitude, and esteem. Undaunted by the terrors with which he was surrounded; unawed by the difficulties which he was compelled to encounter; unappalled by the dangers which threatened his ruin, he moved on in his course, dispensing light to the spiritually blind, life to those who were dead in sin.

If the vassals of despots celebrate the birth-day of a tyrant’s babe, surely we ought not to be condemned for setting apart a day in honour of so good a man, so great a prophet, so successful a preacher of repentance, so great a mason, a saint so eminent. Virtues so scarce, so exemplary, so honourable to himself, so



useful to mankind, so acceptable to God, are worthy of being forever remembered. He forgot his own ease, amidst his indefatigable labours; he sighed not for comforts amidst the multitudes who followed his footsteps, and listened to his eloquence.

Thrown into a dungeon by a brutal tyrant, he neither forgot his duty, nor feared to perform it: he reproved Herod for his incestuous life, a life so contrary to the principles of freemasonry: a courtesan demanded his head in a charger, as a reward for her dancing, and a tyrant granted the demand. Thus fell our great patron, in consequence of the faithful performance of his duty: his soul ascended to God, his fame fills the world. What an example of courage, of constancy, of zeal, of fidelity, of fortitude in the performance of our duty, has he left to us! Like his, our path may be rough, our fare hard, our perils many, our labours severe; a cruel and capricious tyrant may take away our lives, but zeal, courage, fidelity, fortitude, patience, and perseverance in the performance of our duty, will bring fame here, and everlasting felicity hereafter. Though we need not anticipate trials as numerous and severe as were those of our great patron, yet the same virtues, to a certain extent, are as necessary for us as they were for him. Destitute of those virtues, what is man? If in the full possession and constant exercise of them, man is but a little lower than the angels above; without them, he is far beneath the reptile below. Let us then, my brethren, practise those virtues, as we are commanded, *with frequency, fervency, and zeal*, so shall our lives be useful on earth, and acceptable in heaven. In the path of duty let us walk on, regardless of opposition from ungodly men; fearing nothing but disobedience to the commands of our Grand Master above. Such is the important lesson taught us by the example of John the Baptist. In the school of virtue may we commit it to memory, and often repeat it by the way, as we are travelling home to the Grand Lodge above.

But although this day is dedicated to the recollection of the worthy Baptist, it is not improper to recollect our brethren, who, like him, have deserved well of the craft, received honour from men, and been highly blessed by heaven. Our own beloved country has produced brethren, whose memory we are bound to



honour, whose virtues we ought to imitate. To mention them all, would occupy too much time, and will not be attempted.

But who was it, that, quitting the peaceful shades of Vernon's hill, all the pleasures which wealth could purchase, friendship offer, or domestic felicity afford; placed himself at the head of our armies, at the unanimous call of his countrymen, and contended many a year for our liberties and independence, until victory crowned his efforts with success?

It was WASHINGTON, who was a freemason, and delighted to meet his brethren upon the level, and to part with them on the square. So may we always meet and part, my brethren.

Who was it, that, quitting the pursuits of private life, an useful, honourable, and lucrative profession, assumed the sword, and fell in defence of our liberties on Bunker's hill? It was WARREN, who was our brother, and at the head of our order in his native state, when he fell.

Who was it, that, by his discoveries in electricity, gained a high place, as a philosopher, in fame's temple? Who, by his indefatigable exertions, raised himself from the humblest walks of life to the highest eminence as a statesman? Who, from poverty, became rich, by his industry, economy, and prudence? Whose writings are read in every part of the civilized world? Who was it, in fine, that "snatched the lightnings from heaven and the sceptre from tyrants?" It was FRANKLIN, who was at the head of freemasonry in Pennsylvania.

Washington, Warren, and Franklin were freemasons, whose virtuous labours in public and private life, in the field, and in the cabinet, deserve our esteem, our admiration, and our gratitude. Compared with these brethren, how sink the monarchs of Europe? Though they despised the gewgaws of princes, they gloried in wearing our jewels. The simplicity and sublimity of such characters are duly estimated by the craft, and will be honoured and revered by mankind, as long as patriotism, courage, constancy, fidelity, perseverance, and all the amiable and heroic virtues find eulogists and admirers.

We need not the illustrious examples of other ages, and distant countries, to excite us to the performance of every duty, to the practice of every virtue, while Washington, Warren, and

Franklin are remembered. FREEMASONRY, they were thine! COLUMBIA, they were thy shield, thy boast, and thy glory.

To nations, tossed on the tempestuous sea of liberty, they stand as BEACONS, to light the mariner over quicksands, and through whirlpools, to a safe anchorage and a secure harbour. Assuming the principles of our order, which teach us, *that all men are born upon a level, and ought to walk upon the square*, they built up here a government, whose sole object is the promotion of the peace, the order, and the happiness of the whole community. How simple in theory, how sublime in practice, is such a government, when compared with the governments of Europe? There, government is founded on the principle that the many are made to be governed by the few; here, rulers are the mere agents of the people; and at short, stated periods, they are entirely divested even of this agency, and so remain, unless reinvested with authority by the people from whom it emanated.

Such is the government founded by the patriots of the revolution. How glorious are its principles, how illustrious its founders; how happy are those who live under it, provided they faithfully administer it!

Freemasonry! thy sages, thy philosophers, thy warriors, and thy statesmen of our country, who have fought, and toiled, and bled, and died in our defence, are this day remembered with gratitude by thy sons, wherever they are assembled. History has raised a monument to their fame more durable than marble, which shall stand firm, and its inscription continue undefaced, while the world shall stand. Patriots of every country, read the inscription upon this pillar, dedicated to patriotism, and to virtue. Tell us not of European heroes, for they are covered with the blood of their fellow-citizens. Tell us not of *modern* statesmen, for they mounted aloft upon ambition's ladder, the principal rounds of which, are flattery, falsehood, and intrigue. Their object is self aggrandizement, and they have attained it. But the patriots of the revolution, guided by the eternal principles of justice, truth, and patriotism, sought to exalt their country, and they succeeded in the attempt. How sickening to the eye of every genuine patriot, are the courtiers of this *silken age* compared with those, who, in an *iron age*, endured every privation, passed

through all manner of perils, toiled, and bled, and died for their country! How sink the potent patriots of these days, when compared with those, who, during our struggle for independence, might have been tracked by the blood, which, at every step, distilled in crimson currents from their weary feet! Their clothes, consisting of "shreds and patches" of every colour, barefoot and hungry, they redeemed us from slavery. A peculiar fatality seems to have attended them from first to last. While in service, they asked for pay, and continental rags were given to them. Of late years, an act was passed for their relief, and soon afterwards another was enacted, in order to defraud them out of it. With soldiers thus treated, our brethren, Washington, Montgomery, Warren, Clinton, Gates, Lee, Scammel, La Fayette, and others, conquered the best appointed armies Britain ever sent into the field. Patriots of every age and country shall repeat the story to their children, while every freemason shall rejoice, that the principal actors, in those days of peril, were our brethren. Let us honour their memories, by preserving the government which they founded, as it came from their hands. Let us resist, by all constitutional means, every attempt to abridge our rights, by the insidious doctrines of implication and necessity. These doctrines belong to tyrants, and ought not to be transplanted into our soil. As *freemasons*, we cannot meddle with political affairs, but as *CITIZENS*, it is our duty to do so, whenever our vote, or our exertions can be of any service to our country. Let us, then, honour the memory of our departed brethren, who, under Heaven, made us a nation, by an adherence to their principles; by practising those virtues, moral and social, public and private, the possession of which rendered them so good, so amiable, so great and illustrious. Thus shall we become blessings to ourselves, our families, our friends, and our country; be an honour to freemasonry and to human nature. Though, from a variety of causes, we cannot equal Warren, Franklin, Washington, and Clinton, in extensive usefulness to our own country, and the world at large, yet, by practising the same virtues, we may be useful, honoured, and happy. We can promote the welfare of our country, by electing into office virtuous, enlightened, and patriotic men; by holding up to scorn, the igne-



ramus who aspires to honours which he does not merit; by putting down the demagogue in the dust; by frowning on the hypocrite in religion or politics; by assisting the worthy brother who is poor; by aiding the widow, and the orphan, when they stand in need of assistance; by soothing the afflicted; by succouring the tempted; by pouring the balm of consolation into the bosom of the broken-hearted. These acts we can perform, without arrogance, pride or haughtiness on our part; with tenderness and delicacy, "in secret. and He who seeth in secret, shall reward us openly." When a brother is in danger from any quarter, we can, many times, give him timely notice of it. When he is surrounded by difficulties, we can, frequently, aid him by our prudent counsels and advice. When malice invents falsehoods concerning him, we can contradict them, and put to shame and silence, the base slanderer.

Though it fall not to our lot to possess the great mental abilities of Washington and Franklin; though circumstances may be such, that we can never have it in our power to cultivate our minds to the extent they did, yet, by a careful culture of our hearts, we may raise a character for virtue and goodness, which shall eclipse the most splendid abilities, when unaccompanied by virtue; and, in the circle in which we move, however small its circumference may be, produce a richer harvest of usefulness to mankind. "The memory of the just is blessed," but this happiness does not always fall to the lot of splendid abilities. How many are condemned to everlasting fame, like Arnold, without possessing virtue enough to endear them to a single individual! Let him, then, who wishes for the friendship of his fellow citizens, practise those virtues, which shall command their esteem. The practice of virtue brings its own reward along with it. He who governs not himself, is unfit to govern others. Think you, my brethren, that Franklin and Washington would have occupied the high stations which they filled, with so much honour to themselves, so much usefulness to mankind, had they not learned to subdue their passions? They practised this first lesson, taught by masonry, with singular felicity. Temperance, prudence, industry, and economy, lead to long life, to health, to wealth. He who trains up his children in the way they should go, will,

generally, have the satisfaction of seeing them, when arrived at maturity, walking in those ways. He who regards truth, shall be confided in, trusted, and believed. He who is just to others, shall himself be treated with justice. The company of the just, the amiable, and the good man, shall be sought after by the just, the amiable, and the good. Contentment shall dwell in his breast, light up his countenance with smiles, render his life happy; his death shall be lamented by others, and peaceful to himself.

What a vast difference between such an one, and a vicious man! The very countenance of the latter is stamped with base and disgusting passions. No peace, no mildness, no serenity dwell there, but hatred, avarice, envy, and malice. Nor is the practice of virtue inconsistent, as some vicious men would insinuate, with the possession of the greatest talents, natural and acquired. The greatest and best men who ever lived, constantly practised the humblest, as well as the most exalted virtues. On this very account, Washington, Warren, Franklin, Clinton, Greene, and a long list of brethren, who are now no more, command our esteem, as well as our respect. We esteem them for their virtues, we admire them for their talents. As far as is in our power, let us imitate the examples they have left behind them.

My brethren, that HOLY BOOK, which always lies open in our lodge, informs us, "that there is another and a better world" beyond the grave, and another lodge eternal in the heavens, to which no one can ever be admitted, who attempts to carry any weapon, offensive or defensive. Those weapons are vices and vicious propensities, of which we must be entirely divested before we can be invested with the true lambskin, as a badge of our innocence. The "theological ladder" which Jacob saw in his vision, is the only means by which we can ascend to Heaven, the three principal rounds of which are faith, hope, and charity. Mounting aloft upon these rounds, may we all ascend, and by the benefit of a pass word, which is a Saviour's righteousness, be admitted by the grand tyler, death, into the inner temple above, and at the proper season, after our work is over, be permitted, by the Grand Senior Warden of the Celestial Lodge, to refresh our weary souls, for ever. So mote it be. Amen.

G G

## RESOLUTIONS OF THE CINCINNATI LODGES.

The following communication, with the document which succeeds it was received from a highly respectable member of the fraternity at Cincinnati. We publish it without comment, intending however, in some future number, to give our own ideas on the interesting subject to which it refers, and soliciting from our brethren, both here and in other parts of the country, an expression of their opinions, accompanied by the reasons on which they are founded. One of the principal benefits to be expected from this publication, is, unquestionably, the opportunity it, from time to time, affords, for a free, mutual interchange of sentiments on important questions, connected with the interests of the order. In such an interchange no local sympathies or jealousies; no personal attachments or prejudices, can be supposed to prevail; opinions may be expected from disinterested sources, and a full opportunity will, in every instance, be afforded for deliberate, candid, and unbiassed reflection.

*To the Editor of the Masonic Miscellany.*

CINCINNATI, DEC. 24th. 1821.

THE enclosed preamble and resolutions were reported by a joint committee appointed for the purpose by the two lodges in this place. They were taken up in a committee of the whole of the two lodges and adopted as they now stand, and were afterwards adopted by each lodge. Three members of one of the lodges protested against them as being unmasonic, on which it was agreed to forward them to the grand lodge of this state for its sanction. The grand lodge referred them to a committee, who, after duly considering them, reported, "that they were of opinion those lodges had not violated the ancient land marks and usages of Masons in the resolutions they adopted respecting delinquent masons, but that those resolutions seem well adapted to the interests of masonry in that place." This report was rejected, 46 votes being for, and 57 against it. Although the decision of the Grand Lodge was unlooked for and somewhat surprising to the members in Cincinnati; they were disposed of course to acquiesce in it, until it be again considered by the Grand Lodge, or until the subject be taken up in some other shape. In the mean time I should be pleased to have the opinion of intelligent masons, through the medium of your publication, whether the acts of the Cincinnati Lodges are or are not an infring-



ment on the ancient land marks and usages of the order, and if they are, in what particulars. Very respectfully yours &c.

A PAST MASTER.

*To Novæ Cesaræ Harmony Lodge, No. 2, and Miami Lodge No. 46.*

Your committee, appointed to take into consideration the standing and situation of members of the Fraternity, who are not attached to any lodge, and also of those who otherwise decline giving that support and countenance to the institution which it is believed the order requires, have thought proper to make upon the subject the following joint report.

Wherever a society or compact exists, there are certain conditions to be performed, and rules and regulations to be observed by the members thereof, to entitle them to the benefits and privileges of such society or compact. The society must necessarily possess the means of government to enable it to compel an observance of these rules and regulations, or it cannot prosper; and it will be generally found to rise or fall according to the nature of the principles of the compact itself, and the manner in which its discipline is enforced.

The institution of freemasonry is founded on principles which have remained unshaken by time, and they only require to be well understood to be approved: yet at this time and in this place, the members of lodges are most seriously called upon to enforce the discipline of the order to render it more respected and useful.

There never perhaps was a time, at least in the western country, when Freemasonry was about to undergo so close a scrutiny; it has its opponents who are actively endeavouring to bring it into disrepute; members of various religious denominations have raised their voices against it. One cause of this no doubt is the want of more rigid discipline than has been heretofore practised.

Although it is improper for the society to take cognizance, by way of formal charges, of any matter which cannot be clearly defined, yet too many are suffered to remain amongst us, who are considered unworthy. There are those of the fraternity, who abandon our meetings and become not only inattentive to

other requisitions of the order, but countenance and encourage the prejudices of those who know us not, by adducing as a cause for such abandonment "there being unworthy characters amongst us." Thus, instead of extending a helping hand to remove from our order these unsuitable characters, they themselves become the means of traducing our good name, and perhaps the greatest obstacle to our advancement, and a *bar* to our more extensive usefulness, for "they who are not for us, are against us."

There are others, who from a consciousness of their own demerits, abandon our meetings, with a view of shrinking from notice, and avoiding investigation. There are also some who place themselves forward on all public occasions, to show that they are of the order, and at other times totally neglect the more important duties incumbent on every good mason, but whose conduct perhaps does not call imperiously on the society to take notice of it by way of formal charges. To prevent these difficulties the first and most important care ought always to be, a due degree of caution as to the character and standing of those whom we admit: the second is the *certainty* with which all who are amongst us are held accountable for a violation of the rules and regulations of the order.

Punishment should be always, as nearly as possible, commensurate with the offence committed; a want of due attention to this principle has in the opinion of your committee been one great cause of the difficulty under which we labour. If the punishment be too severe, it recoils upon the society which enforces it, with injurious effects, by creating a feeling in the members on behalf of the accused which cannot be reconciled, they are induced on that account in many instances to pass unnoticed the conduct of those on whom punishment ought to be inflicted. *Reprehension*, *Suspension*, and *Expulsion*, the three primary modes of punishment prescribed by masonic usage, ought to be applied, by extending the less so as to partake of the nature of the greater, in such a manner as properly to correspond with the magnitude of the offence, or charge established. With this view of the subject, your committee would call your attention to that part of our code which prescribes *suspension* for the non-payment of dues, thereby depriving a mason of *all* the benefits of the order,

during the time of such suspension. This is considered too severe for neglecting, or even perhaps for refusing to pay the demands required by the fraternity: your committee are at the same time aware that a reprimand in these cases would be ineffectual, and therefore most respectfully recommend a medium course by declaring such to be *delinquent* masons, and depriving them of certain enumerated privileges. This may prove a valuable test, as those who are lukewarm and indifferent, may be prompted to more active exertion, and those who continue inactive may be so far separated from us as no longer to remain as clogs and dead weights to our progress; for he who is regardless of the principles of the order will not freely pay any stipend for its advancement and support, and will consequently fall within this description of masons.

Not only the arduous duties, and personal attention to the calls of the lodges and the committees from time to time appointed for the proper management of the concerns of the fraternity, but the principal part of the pecuniary aid which is required for its support, now devolves on the active members of the lodges.

There are many masons residing within our city and neighbourhood, who for various reasons have withdrawn their aid and membership, but who at the same time are well disposed towards the institution, and would freely assist in supporting the order on all important occasions if called on for that purpose, and would likewise place pecuniary means in the hands of the more active for the purpose of extending the laudable objects of the institution.

There are others within our jurisdiction who are unwilling to pay any dues or demands for the support of the order, or for the purpose of granting relief to the distressed. From these the fraternity may with propriety withhold their aid, that they may be the better enabled to extend charity more freely to proper objects of it; and as the last mentioned class refuse to conform to the rules and regulations of these lodges, they ought to be deprived of the satisfaction of participating, either in public processions, or private assemblies, with the societies whose rules they thus violate. Many of these on a death bed may bear a spe-



cial request to be buried with masonic honours; thus indirectly calling upon the fraternity in the face of the world to honour their memory, and render support to their families. It is considered by your committee to be right for the society to declare, that such have forfeited their claims to that honour and that support. They therefore beg leave to offer the following

#### RESOLUTIONS.

1st. *Resolved*, That there shall be a committee of three members from each lodge annually appointed, whose duty it shall be conjointly, to make lists of the names of all who belong to the fraternity, and report themselves as masons, within the jurisdiction of these lodges, apportioning those who are not members, to each lodge as they may deem proper.

2d, *Resolved*, There shall be three lists of the names thus assigned, made out for each lodge, which shall be suspended in some conspicuous part of the lodge room, for the inspection of the brethren.

3d. *Resolved*, That one list in each lodge shall comprise the names of all who are members and regularly pay the dues required by the bye laws thereof, which shall be called the list of members.

4th. *Resolved*, That a second list in each Lodge shall comprise the names of all who may be apportioned, as aforesaid, to each, who are not members of either Lodge, but who are of good standing in society, and annually pay the sum of one dollar and fifty cents, for the support of the institution, which shall be called the list of contributors

5th. *Resolved*, That a third list in each Lodge, shall comprise the names of all who shall be apportioned, as aforesaid; who neglect or refuse to pay the just requisitions of the fraternity, either as members or contributors, and shall be called the list of delinquents.

6th. *Resolved*, That no delinquent mason shall be permitted to visit our Lodges; to have a place in our processions; to have support for himself or family from said Lodges, or to masonic interment, unless there be some special vote by ballot in his favor.

7th. *Resolved*, That any delinquent, upon application to the

committee who class the same, shall be placed on the list of contributors, by paying the sum required.

8th. *Resolved*, That the Bye Laws of each Lodge, be so altered as to conform to the provisions of the foregoing resolutions.

---

#### AN ERROR CORRECTED.

The extract from a letter, which we published in our number for September last, contained, it appears, an erroneous statement. Our correspondent was misinformed, and we embrace the earliest opportunity to correct the error. The extract referred to, and our remarks upon it, were inserted in a late number of the AMERICAN MASONIC REGISTER, a work published at New York, and generally known, we hope, as it certainly deserves to be, among the fraternity, even in the western country. After copying the article from our pages, the Editor of the Masonic Register subjoins the following comments:

“THE first clause of the above extract, so far as it relates to the removal of the site of the Grand Lodge of this state, to the city of Albany, is perfectly incorrect; of course, the correspondent of the editor of the Masonic Miscellany, has been misinformed. Such a measure, it is true, has been agitated in our Grand Lodge, and was proposed by the representatives of our worthy brethren in the Western District of this state, owing to the great distance they were under the necessity of travelling, which caused an unequal representation; together with some other grievances. But these difficulties have been amicably adjusted, and the site of the Grand Lodge still remains in the city of New-York, and we presume our western brethren are satisfied with the result.

As to the regulation of the Grand Lodge, relative to publishing expulsions, the information is correct, and we must confess, with the editor of the Miscellany, that “we do not see the propriety” of the regulation; for “base and disgraceful conduct” in an individual of any society, ought never to be concealed from the world, particularly when such conduct becomes habitual, and is from time to time repeated, notwithstanding the affectionate remonstrances of the brethren to the contrary. *And God forbid that masonry should ever become a cloak to screen from public view evil transactions of whatsoever nature.* It is our decided

opinion, however, that extreme caution should be used, relative to expulsions, and that no brother ought to be expelled, till all means for his *reformation* have failed. We are not only to forgive our brethren "seven times," but "seventy times seven." It is the duty of every member of the masonic family, if he see a brother in fault, to confer with him in private on the subject, and in the most tender manner, to point out the attendant evils of his conduct, both to himself, and to the fraternity at large. Were this duty punctually observed, bad habits would be nipt in the bud, many brethren would be saved from destruction, and causes for expulsion would be much less frequent."

---

#### DALCHO'S ELEGANT APOLOGY TO THE LADIES.

Agreeably to the tenets of our order, the fair sex are excluded from associating with us in our mystic profession; not because they are deemed unworthy of the of the secret, "nor because the mechanical tools of the craft are too ponderous for them to wield," but from a consciousness of our own weakness. Should they be permitted to enter the lodge, love would oftentimes enter with them, jealousy would probably rankle in the hearts of the brethren, and fraternal affection be perverted into rivalry. Although the most amiable and lovely part of nature's works are excluded from our meetings, yet our order protects them from the attacks of vicious and unprincipled men. It forbids us to sacrifice the ease and peace of families for a momentary gratification; and it forbids us to undermine and take away that transcendent happiness from those whose hearts are united by the bond of sincere affection.

The feelings of women are more exquisitely fine, and their generous sympathy is more easily awakened, by the misfortunes of their fellow-creatures, than the stronger sex. The soft tear of pity bedews their cheeks at the tale of woe, and their gentle bosoms heave with tender emotions at the sight of human wretchedness. They require not the adventitious aid of mystic institutions to urge them to acts of charity and benevolence, nor the use of symbols to lead them to virtue. Their own hearts are the lodges in which virtue presides; and the dictates of her will is the only incentive to action.



*Extracts from a Masonic Oration delivered at Sandusky, Ohio, by*  
*Brother ELEATHEROS COOK.*

At the threshold of every lodge lie three great and solemn duties, which are impressively inculcated upon every mason at his initiation, to God, to his neighbour and to himself.

The unequivocal acknowledgment of the existence of the living God as the supreme Architect and Ruler of the world, is the indispensable condition on which the candidate for masonry can be permitted to pass the door of the lodge.

As the foundation and great corner stone of his duty, he is bound to revere him as the divine author, creator, and moral governor of the universe; as that transcendent and omnipotent being, at whose almighty fiat, "*let there be light*," torpid nature awoke, at once, from the slumbers of eternity. and the first flood of sudden splendor burst upon the darkened world!!! He is bound to fear and adore him, as the terrible majesty, that rideth in his awful chariot, upon the stormy heavens; who plants his footsteps upon the nations; who darts his winged lightning along the troubled elements, and shakes with his thunders the foundations of the earth! The landscape, with its beauties; nature, with its varieties; the universe, with its immensities; and the heavens, with their sublimity; are, through the medium of masonry, exhibited to the admiring view, as monuments of his Almighty power, who spake and it was done; who commanded and it stood fast!

To his neighbors, as to the whole family of mankind, he is bound to the exercise of that justice, integrity, and benevolence, which tend to establish confidence, fidelity, and mutual friendship throughout the great social circle in which he is destined to move.

To himself the mason is bound to observe that temperance, chastity, and self-control over the appetites of his nature, and the turbulence of his passions, which consummate the happiness of his being; preserve the purity and brightness of his intellectual faculties, and secure the enviable reward of private and public esteem.

Subordinate to these, are those moral pillars that support the external utility, glory and beauty of the masonic system. A

Among these are *brotherly affection, relief, truth, temperance, fortitude, prudence, justice, faith, hope, and charity*. Supported by these pillars and guided by the moral duties which they inspire, the true mason would assume a character splendid as the morning sun, and spotless as the mountain snow! Glowing with *brotherly affection*, his precepts would be exemplified by his practice, and his good wishes would embrace the universe.

The bounden minister of *relief*, his ear would be ever open to the cries of human misery; his kindling heart would pant for the objects of commiseration; and like the angel of consolation his gentle spirit would fly forth to soothe the mourner; to wipe the tear from the widow's and the orphan's eye; and to pluck the thorn of agony from the pillow of misfortune.

Controlled by *truth*, his word would sustain the verity of an oracle, and command the confidence of a world. Restrained by *temperance*, his passions would remain calm, his intellect unclouded, his virtues unshaken, and his character unperturbed by the vices and excesses of the *sensual temper*.

By the exercise of *fortitude*, he is enabled to triumph over every peril that impedes his path, and to sustain the frowns and adverse storms of life, with dignity and resignation. *Prudence* directs him wisely to deliberate before he acts, and plants over his conduct a never slumbering guard, upon the watchtower of his life.

*Justice* is the standard erected by virtue, as the guide of his intercourse with the citizens of the world, and as the "criterion of moral rectitude."

*Faith* directs his eye to the splendid mansions of the blessed beyond the grave, and wafts him upon her bosom to a view even of the invisible riches of the great author of his being.

*Hope* constitutes the bulwark of his safety, amid the storms of adversity, and the anchor of his salvation, amid the ruins of the universe. It brightens the chill and dreary darkness of the sepulchre, and, rich in eternal prospects looks up through the flames of a dissolving world, to the throne of heaven, and fastens his claim to the rock of ages.

*Charity* he is taught to consider as the keystone of our system, or the most angelic virtue that can beat in the masonic bosom.

It is confined to no particular denomination; it is circumscribed by no degrees of affinity or ties of blood; it knows no distinction but the happy and unhappy; it is older than time; expanded as the universe; and eternal as the great resources, from whence it sprung.

By the inspirations of this celestial virtue, the bosom of the mason is stimulated to universal benevolence, and prompted to alleviate the distresses of a *Hottentot* or *Turk*, as readily as he would relieve the wretched at his threshold; it wafts his mind over the waste of oceans into distant lands, to mingle his tears with those of a suffering stranger, with the same sympathy that warms his heart at the miseries of those who surround him.

Such, my friends, are the operations of these angelic virtues; and such, I solemnly pledge myself to the world, are the excellent and invaluable principles that constitute the foundation and pillars of the masonic edifice. Here it will be asked by the world, if such, indeed, are the fundamental tenets of your order, if such are the pure and precious virtues they inspire; why do not all your members evince the fact by their practice and deportment?

To this I answer, that such is the present depraved and degenerated state of the world; such is the universal predominance of error; and such the unhappy destiny of all human institutions, that none have been preserved absolutely free from the unhallowed footsteps of unworthy members.

It is a serious and much to be lamented fact; a fact that candour cannot, and that I will not deny, that there are too many of our brethren, who, seduced by the arch foe of happiness and virtue, have neglected and trampled upon the solemn duties of their profession, who have enlisted under the banners of impiety, immorality and intemperance, and thereby furnished to our enemies serious charges of imputation against the honor and reputation of the ancient fraternity. Perfection, indeed, is a stranger to the world; and never, since the death and ascension of our *blessed Saviour*, has it been seen to linger on the earth. It is of celestial birth, and cannot breathe the gross pollutions of a *terrestrial atmosphere*; it is a child of purer regions; fallibility and error are stamped upon human nature; the best of men are



sometimes ambushed in their paths, and led at length to listen to the syren voice of the tempter. Where, let me ask, is the man so perfect as to boast of absolute exemption from the errors and imperfections of his nature? Where, let me again ask, is the human institution that has been preserved uncontaminated and free from the unhallowed invasion of the immoral and unrighteous? Where is the society, where, even is the church of the *living GOD*, that hath not too, often found a viper in its bosom? The throne of heaven itself has been assailed by the impious treason of its apostate angels; and that *old serpent*, who blighted the primeval glory of the universe, and brought death upon the world, was only an expelled member of the heavenly host!!! Do you want further testimony? Let me then point you to demonstration; for even within the hallowed circle of *thy* little family and at *thy* sacred table, O *blessed Immanuel!* was a false and "betraying Judas!" Ought, then, that venerable masonic system, which carries with it the principles of its own deathless immortality, to be abandoned, because an unworthy member has crossed its threshold? Let the man, who on that account denounces our institution, prove himself superior to the frailties of human nature, before he exclaims *victory* in his charge.

But perhaps from this very circumstance one of the highest arguments in its favor may be adduced, and one of its greatest advantages inferred. It is the imperative duty of every mason to hear and advise his brother. Does he violate his duty—does he riot in excess—does he betray the virtues of the craft—does he feed his passions with revenge, and debase the dignity of his profession?—the hand of a faithful and affectionate brother is immediately presented, who warns him of his danger, reminds him of his obligations, admonishes him with affection, reclaims him from his wanderings, and thereby seldom fails of restoring to his country a useful citizen, to the fraternity a grateful brother, and to the deserted circle of his delighted family and friends an ornament and a blessing.

## LADIES' LITERARY MAGAZINE.

### LETTERS FROM TENNESSEE.

#### LETTER III.

NASHVILLE, (Ten.) June—1821.

*My Dear Sir,*

I brought with me letters of introduction to several gentlemen of this town and neighbourhood. I had previously heard much of the liberal hospitality of the citizens to strangers when they presented themselves properly recommended; and I was not disappointed. I found those to whom I was introduced free and open, exhibiting none of that disgusting *hauteur*, which I frequently observed in other parts of the United States, where they boast so much politeness and refinement of manners. Hospitality, here, is of that liberal kind, which appears more like receiving, than conferring a favour. To wandering strangers, who travel from one part of the union to another in search of fortune, and who carry with them no other recommendation than an imposing exterior, the respectable part of this community, observe a becoming reserve. It is much to be regretted that this reserve towards strangers, was not more frequently manifested; we should not then be so often imposed upon by the many fictitious Generals, Marshalls, Counts, and "Princes of the Holy Roman Empire" who visit these shores, imposing upon our credulity, taking advantage of our predilection for high sounding titles, and enlisting our sympathies for their pretended sufferings, until they wheedle us, not only out of our money, but often run off with our wives and daughters. I have known some of these titled gentlemen, who have figured in our cities as Counts and Field Marshalls, after their means of cutting a dash were exhausted, settle down into plain barbers and hair dressers, to the great regret and mortification of some of our high minded gentry, who think nothing good or worthy of imitation, unless it bears a royal stamp.

Although it is but a few days since I arrived in this place, I have made several excursions into the surrounding country, both

north and south of the Cumberland river. As far as I have yet seen, there is none of that grand and imposing scenery of nature, which strikes the imagination of the beholder with wonder and awe, and which is so frequently to be met with upon the romantic borders of the Hudson, or even on the shores of the beautiful and majestic Ohio. Here are no mountains, piled one upon another, whose summits are veiled in the clouds—no stupendous cataracts, the roar of whose rushing waters astounds the senses—all is mild and placid; indeed, nature seems to have formed this country in one of her happiest moods. But *apropos*; I have, as yet, said nothing about the situation of this town, although you particularly desired a description thereof.

The town of Nashville, or *city*, as it is called by some, because (I suppose) its police is regulated by a *Mayor* and six *Aldermen*, is handsomely situated upon a high and rocky bluff, on the south side of the Cumberland river. It is the centre of the principal part of the trade of West Tennessee, and being situated on the margin of a large navigable river, and in the midst of a fertile tract of country, it possesses commercial advantages, which are possessed by no other town in the state, and the superiority it now holds in this respect, it will always maintain. There are a number of stores, many of which are well supplied with the productions and manufactures of foreign climes, and but scantily with the manufactures of our own country. Here permit me to make one remark. Our country produces in abundance almost every article of real necessity, and many which may be ranked amongst the luxuries of life. Why then is it, that we resort to the manufactories and “toy shops” of Europe, for those very articles which our own country can supply upon equal terms, and of better quality, if suitably encouraged? We boast of being an independent people, and justly in some respects, yet, in others, we are almost as dependent upon England, as when we were in a state of colonial servitude. Her manufactures appear indispensable for our comfort, and even her laws are the rule of our conduct and “the guide of our faith.” More on this subject another time.

This town is laid off with some degree of regularity, the principal streets crossing each other at right angles. In its original



plan it had one defect—there were not quite streets enough; this defect, however, is in some measure remedied, by a number of alleys which have been opened by the owners of lots, and by them conveyed to the corporation, for the convenience of the public, and to promote their own interest. Near the river, is a large public square, containing about four acres, on three sides of which, are a number of well built brick houses, on the fourth next the river, they are entirely of wood, which on some cold winter's night will afford the inhabitants a comfortable fire. Not in the centre, but at one side of the square stands the court house, a brick building of two stories, but not remarkable for architectural beauty. Near the court house, is a spacious market house, which, although as handsome as such buildings usually are, adds nothing to the beauty of the square. This square is capable of much improvement, but is neither inclosed nor adorned with trees, at which I was a good deal surprised, (having heard much of the *taste* of the citizens) until I learned the objection, which, in good truth, is a most substantial one, and marks the liberal and enlightened minds of those who made it. Know then, that almost all the merchants and traders who dwell on this square, have incurred considerable expense in procuring the most splendid *sign boards*, on which their names appear in golden capitals, which may be read half a mile without injury of the eye. Now, as trees planted around this square, would interrupt, by their foliage, the distant view of these signboards, the aforesaid merchants and traders object to their introduction. Thus do they sacrifice beauty and comfort, to the paltry vanity of having their names read at a distance in gilt letters.

Although this city is governed by a *Mayor* and *Aldermen*, who have under them an officer dignified with the title of *High Constable*, who is a sort of inspector of police and clerk of the market, yet, I have seen towns; whose officers were not distinguished by as high sounding titles much better regulated. By the bye, the more inconsiderable villages in this state, have their Mayors and Aldermen. At night the streets have no other light, than what is gratuitously bestowed by the moon and stars, except here and there, a solitary lamp before a tavern door. Great exertions have been made for several years past, to put up

six lamps, but they have availed nothing; the expense is either too enormous, or the members of the corporation dislike to break in upon a considerable fund which they have out at interest. Be that as it may, midnight robberies are committed with impunity. They have two watchmen, who traverse the streets, and call the hour, (that the thief may have knowledge of their approach,) until Morpheus touches their eyelids with his mystic wand, and "steeps their senses in sweet forgetfulness;" thus resigned to his arms they leave the good people of the town to take care of themselves and their property. They have a law, I am told, prohibiting merchants from selling goods on the sabbath, and other persons from pursuing their usual occupations; yet the stores are opened, and goods sold on the sabbath as on other days. Coming, as I did, from "the land of steady habits," where a parent dare not fondle his child on the Lord's day, I felt shocked at such a profanation of a day set apart by God himself, for devotion and rest. Thus you see, that the mayor and aldermen of this city, like the members of other great bodies, are fond of making laws, but are careless of putting them into execution. They appear to think they have done enough, when they have taken the trouble to pass them.

But little can be said with regard to the literary institutions of this place. Some time past a number of gentlemen associated themselves together, and established an "Antiquarian Society," one object of which was to inquire into the early history of this state. They promised to render much service to the country, but unfortunately, in the very outset of their undertaking, a "scribbling wight," happened to touch them rather roughly with the rod of ridicule, and their meetings have been suspended.

They have several private schools for the education of the rising generation, and one has recently been established by the corporation—not for the free education of the poor, but, it would seem, for the purpose of increasing the city funds; the teacher is allowed a certain salary, and the profits go into the town—I beg pardon—the city treasury. The *Female Academy* is a flourishing institution, under the direction of a President and four female professors, who, from their erudition and suavity of manners, are well calculated to "teach the young idea how to shoot."

I happened to be present at a semi-annual examination, and confess I was much pleased at the progress the fair pupils appeared to have made in their various studies. The founders of this institution deserve the highest praise. From some cause, difficult to be accounted for, the education of females has heretofore been much neglected in the western country; but I am pleased to observe that a radical change is taking place in this respect, and that women will be enabled to occupy with more distinguished reputation, that place in society which they are destined by nature to fill.

On a high and healthy situation adjoining the town, stands *Cumberland College*; that is, the building stands there in dreary solitude. Its once classic halls, which echoed with the voice of Priestley, are deserted; they no more resound to the tread of professors and students.

Cold is the breath within its walls,  
And should we thither roam,  
Its echoes and its empty tread  
Would sound like voices from the dead."

This institution commenced under favorable and flattering auspices. It received from the Congress of the United States a munificent grant of lands, south of French Broad and Holston in this state. These lands were placed under the direction of the General Assembly, and had they been properly managed, the college at this day, instead of existing only in name, might have vied with the most celebrated literary institutions of the west. The lands thus granted were sold on a credit of *ten years* at one dollar per acre, with interest from the date. Some part of the purchase money has been paid, but the greater part still remains unpaid. The legislature, some years ago, feeling "their bowels yearn with compassion for the fancied pecuniary distresses of the purchasers, and being seized with a fit of liberality unusual in such assemblies. (unless when their popularity is at stake) generously prolonged the time of payment and relinquished all claim to the interest which had accrued. The trustees have been labouring to resuscitate it, by appealing to the liberality of the citizens, but without effect. The mouldering walls of the college will fall about their ears, before the appeal will be effectual.

Farewell.

H

\* \* \* \* \*



## VILLAGE TALES.

## THE GRAVES OF THE FOREST.

"There neither name nor emblem's spread,  
To stay the passing pilgrim's tread."—*Lara Byron.*

To me a neglected grave is a melancholy sight, for it speaks not only of the vanity of pride, but of the treachery of friendship and the forgetfulness of humanity. An overshadowing willow, a little drooping flower, or even a cluster of mournful ivy, tells a soothing tale, while we recognize the tears of affection, and the tender cares of undying love as the origin of their growth.

I once paused on the banks of the Susquehannah, by the side of a small plain, which appeared to be crowded with the monuments of mortality, though far from any settlement which could have furnished to the tomb so many tenants; enquiry resulted in the information that the spoil of a desperate battle was there deposited, unhonoured save in the simple tale of the villager recording their deeds of heroism.

There is no account of Augustus and his little band of martyrs on the pages of history. More than seventy years have rolled along since those shores, where they are now inurned, echoed to the peal of their musketry and the savage shouts of victory. And at this distance from that period even the faithfulness of memory but obscurely traces the event.

The settlers in the interior of the then colony of Pennsylvania were rustics, living in a manner as unadorned as the rude forests which surrounded them; but in the village of Haverhill, if the accomplishments of art were wanting to make life splendid, the beauties of nature were not sought in vain to make it sweet. Love had found its way into the silent hamlet, and the angel cheek of beauty smiled amid the solitudes of forests, and breathed spells of happiness around. There was one sweet girl, the daughter of a Mr. M. to whose nuptials the villagers had been invited in the evening of the day preceding the catastrophe which peopled in the end this little spot with tenants.

She had given her heart to one, who, though born and bred among the mountains and the woods of the desert, was as fond

and fervent as the warmest; but in so doing she rejected the addresses of a foreigner and stranger. Leroy, when the success of his rival was beyond a doubt, left the neighbourhood, precipitately, and without occasioning a suspicion of his intention, passed over the Susquehannah to the encampment of a tribe of Indians. Having received intelligence of the time when Charlotte M. was to become the wife of Augustus, he prevailed upon the savages to attack the settlement, with promises of large booty and no resistance.

Just as the villagers were gathering to the cottage of Mr. M. a horrid shout echoed along the vale, and a band of Indians, led on by Leroy, rushed from the adjoining wood upon them. The attack was too unexpected to allow of any resistance, and a general flight and massacre ensued; the father, mother, and brother of Charlotte perished, their cottage was reduced to ashes, and the defenceless daughter remained a prisoner. Augustus had disappeared amid the tumult, none knew how.

Elated with the success of his villainy, Leroy accompanied the heart broken Charlotte and her cruel captors a long day's march, and they lighted their fires for the night, at the going down of the sun, on the spot covered with so many graves. When the Indians had all assembled, Leroy addressed them in language to this effect. "My friends, you listened to my proposals, I have guided you to victory, I have but one request to make, that captive girl I claim for my services, give her to me that I may revenge myself for the injury she has done me: when my rancour is satisfied, I will yield her up to the fate you choose to consign her to." The Indians heard him with careless approbation, and the tumult of his feelings flashed from his eyes and curled upon his lip, as he turned towards his victim.

At this moment a bullet whistled by his head. It was Augustus and a chosen band of friends who had armed themselves and followed the assassins, and in an instant they were in the midst of his enemies. A dreadful slaughter followed. The savages triumphed, and not one of that little company of heroes escaped.

Augustus was among the prisoners, and Charlotte was still uninjured. When the Indians found their victory complete, they proceeded to dispatch all the captives that had fallen in their

power, but when they came to Augustus, Leroy again interfered: "My friends," said he, "give him also up to me, he shall first witness what shall be to him far worse than death." After much persuasion they consented, and Leroy sat down to brood over the revenge he now seemed sure of. But having drank too deeply, a sudden drowsiness came over him, and he sunk asleep.

Augustus had watched the dawnings of hope, and now looked eagerly around to see if any moved. All was still save the gentle murmur of the breeze: the heavens were cloudless, and the moon was just hiding herself among the trees. He listened: a deep and long drawn sigh fell softly on his ear, it was from his Charlotte's bosom, and it roused him from his apathy. With one effort he loosed his arms, and soon regained his liberty: to liberate his fair companion in suffering was an easy task, and before the sun arose they were beyond the reach of pursuit.

The bones of Leroy are buried in one of these graves of the forest, for his savage confederates, suspecting him of having favoured the escape of their prisoners, tortured him to death.

---

### THE FORCE OF FILIAL AFFECTION.

#### A MORAL TALE.

Monsieur Durand, a very considerable Merchant in France, not only lived up to the utmost extent of his income, by gratifying his own taste for all kinds of expensive amusements, but also indulged a very amiable wife, and two sons brought up to his own business, in almost every species of luxury which money could procure. Having occasion to send his eldest son Pierre to a correspondent of his, within a few leagues of Paris, to execute a commission of importance, the young man appeared there (elegantly formed and finely accomplished) upon a footing, in point of magnificence, with men of the first distinction. Adorned by nature with every charm to please, and assisted by all the advantages which fortune could bestow, he was received by the best families, and earnestly solicited to make one in all their parties of pleasure. These invitations gave him many opportunities to render himself particularly agreeable to a young lady called



Lucilia (who was upon a visit to an aunt,) no less amiable for a woman than Pierre was for a man. To this lady he, at his departure from her, promised to come back as soon as he had informed his parents of his passion, and gained their consent to make proper proposals. But how was he shocked and distressed, on his return home to find his father at the point of death, and his affairs in the greatest confusion! Immediately upon his decease, his creditors seized upon every thing, and left Madame Durand and her two sons in so straitened a situation, that they had scarce a sufficiency to procure the common necessities of life. The amiable and disconsolate widow, having been long accustomed to affluent circumstances, suffered more from the reduction of her income than many would have done who had lived in a more frugal manner; and her sons, both of them very fond of her, felt her distresses much more acutely than their own. Vain were their joint endeavours to prevail on their father's creditors to behave with less severity, on their mother's account: they heard all their entreaties, strengthened by their prayers, with unaltered looks and unrelenting hearts. Equally immoveable also were those who, while their father lived in prosperity, had called themselves his friends, and hastened his rapid progress to ruin, by encouraging his extravagant disposition for their own private views. Animated by their encouragements, he squandered away his fortune in a manner which could not but be attended with consequences truly to be deplored. These friends were the first persons who shut their doors against his unhappy widow and her children, at the time when they stood most in need of their countenance and assistance.

Sincere were the lamentations of Lewis and Pierre, occasioned by the distresses of a mother whom they loved, honoured, esteemed, and revered; sincerely too did they wish, but they wished in vain, to be capable of procuring for her a bare subsistence. The latter had still more reason than the former to feel the misery of his condition, as he was prevented by it from enjoying the felicity he had fondly expected by an union with so amiable a girl as Lucilia. To acquaint her with the blow which had excluded the possibility of his keeping his promise to apply to her father for permission to marry her—he dreaded the thoughts of

giving her this information; as he believed—and very rationally believed—that it would make her extremely wretched. She was, indeed, at that very moment in a state truly to be pitied; she was pining away her life with anxiety on his account; for not having heard a syllable of him since his removal, she feared that he was become inconstant, or that he had met with some unfortunate accident.

One evening as a Nobleman was returning from his country seat to Paris, he was assassinated; and a very large reward was immediately offered by a near relation who attended him, to the person who should discover the murderer, that he might be brought to justice.

Pierre happening to be in the street when this reward was published, determined to avail himself of it, in order to furnish his mother with a sum sufficient to put her in some way of business which might afford her a decent maintenance. Fired with the generous, the tender idea of providing for an affectionate parent though by the sacrifice of his own life, he instantly hurried to the Lieutenant of the Police to surrender himself.

While he was hastening along, overwhelmed with a thousand tottering reflections, he passed two ladies, without casting a single look at them: hearing his name, however, articulated by one of them, he raised his eyes, and saw his beloved Lucilia, accompanied by a very particular friend, Mademoiselle D'Aubine, who had been educated at the same Convent. He started on hearing the well known voice. It was music to his ear; but he wished just at that time for several reasons that he had not heard it. The voice, the sight of his Lucilia, recalled that love of life so strongly implanted in the breast of every human being, and he found it difficult beyond expression to divest himself of it. The sudden appearance of Lucilia made him painfully think of the happy hours which he might have enjoyed in an honourable connection with her, had his father lived, or had he died in prosperity: instantly, however, considering that, the intended sacrifice out of the question, his indigence effectually prevented him from thinking of an union with the mistress of his heart, he only lamented their having met, even for a moment. He could not bring himself to explain the reason for the breach of his promise.

still less was he able to discover the design he had formed, by the forfeiture of his own life, to secure a provision for his mother; imagining that in consequence of her passion for him, she would naturally oppose such a design, and by so doing, either shake his resolution, or, at least, make him too deeply regret so melancholy a separation. Yet, distressed as he was at the sight just then, he could not prevail upon himself even to endeavour to avoid her; on the contrary, he flew towards her, caught her trembling hands in his, and pressing them with tender, but alarming emotions, exclaimed, "Oh! Lucilia! my dear Lucilia! accuse me not of having been inconstant, or regardless of my vows! My heart still fondly doats on you: but the most unexpected misfortunes have hindered our meeting till this instant, and even now I must not linger; Adieu! May you ever be happy! This shall be the last aspiration of your Pierre."

Here unable to contain himself any longer, he broke from her and hastening to carry his first design into execution, surrendered himself to the Chief Magistrate; who, after having asked him the necessary questions upon similar occasions, ordered him to be taken into custody; though he at the same time, felt an unusual something which pleaded in his behalf; in pity, therefore, to his youth and amiable appearance, he also ordered, that while he was strictly guarded, he should be treated with all the indulgence which a prison would admit of. When he had returned to the apartment in which he had left his family, he spoke of his young prisoner in terms that not only discovered his own compassion, but strongly excited theirs. Lucilia, who happened to be his daughter, was particularly affected by her father's description. "Oh, Sir, (exclaimed she eagerly) I know him, I know him: he is my Pierre, indeed, indeed he is not guilty!"

Extremely surprised at the behaviour of his daughter, the compassionate magistrate (not having known till that moment that she was tenderly prepossessed in favour of any man) desired her to inform him of all she knew relating to the criminal; and from her account of him, as well as from his own observations, he most sincerely wished that he might be exculpated; lamenting, at the same time, the trying situation of a magistrate, who, not



being able to read the hearts of men, might run the risk of condemning the innocent, instead of the guilty. However, to give Lucilia all the consolation in his power, and also to give relief to his own benevolent mind, he added, that if no witnesses appeared, his criminality could not be properly ascertained.

Pierre, who in his eagerness to provide for his mother, had not thought of producing such necessary proofs of his guilt, as soon as he heard that they were requisite, became very restless how to procure them, as he was shut up from the sight of all men.

At this juncture his brother Lewis, hearing of his being in prison, made the earliest application to see him; and his request was granted. While he was expressing his concern and sorrow at his having been capable of committing so atrocious an action, Pierre interrupted him by intreating his appearance against him.

"How! (replied Lewis) Would you render me not only guilty of uttering the grossest falsehoods, but of being instrumental, by those falsehoods, to the destruction of a brother with whom I have ever lived in the strictest friendship? Surely, you must have lost your reason!"

Lewis then talked calmly to his brother more at large upon this very interesting subject. Pierre confessed at last that he had declared himself an assassin with no other view than to procure the reward offered, for his mother, whose distresses pierced him to the quick.

Lewis, astonished at this confession, could not help admiring his motive, while he disapproved his uncommon heroism; and in consequence of this disapprobation, he absolutely refused to be an evidence against him. Pierre, however, at length almost talked him into an acquiescence with every thing that might tend to the relief of their mother under the heavy pressure of her poverty.

Lewis, now leaving Pierre, went to his mother; who, seeing him appear unusually dejected, conjectured that something very disagreeable had happened, and questioned him very closely about the absence of her eldest son.

Before he could give her a satisfactory answer, he was summoned to attend the trial of his brother. Pierre, having earnestly

ly intreated him to be firm, and to speak boldly against him, soon received his sentence; a sentence which the chief magistrate and the counsellors assembled neither wished for, nor expected.

Madame Durand, beginning to harbor some suspicions, from the excessive affliction into which her youngest son was plunged, and having upon his return home from the trial, forced a discovery from him, flew to the magistrate frantic with grief, placed herself between him and her son, fondly expatiated upon his disinterested filial affection, and in the most moving language besought his judge not to suffer a man to be executed for a crime of which he was perfectly innocent; a man who possessed a mind sufficiently noble to make him sacrifice his life for his mother's subsistence!

The judge and the counsellors were exceedingly affected by all they saw, and all they heard; yet they could not tell which way to determine.

Lucilia, at this moment, pressing through the crowd, almost out of breath, and calling to some people to follow her, begged her father to hear them, assuring him that Pierre was not guilty; adding that the real assassin was found, that he had confessed the murder, and that fearing they should come too late, she had hurried into court with them. Her blushes and the extreme agitation of her whole frame, moved all the father in the judge: he waited, however, to hear the information which was brought with regard to the actual murderer; and on being satisfied that his intelligence was authentic, that the actual murderer stood before him, ordered the guards to unbind Pierre.

Madame Durand then clasping her released son to her affectionate bosom, held him there for some moments in an agony of joy, weeping over him, and pouring out her fervent acknowledgements to the Supreme Judge, for the preservation of a son, whose filial affection she could not help extolling, at the same time, in the strongest terms. Pierre tenderly returned his mother's affectionate embraces, and then, turning to Lucilia, thanked her for so kindly interesting herself upon his account.

The magistrate, who had at first been struck with his person and behaviour, expressed his surprise at, and admiration of such an uncommon proof of filial affection, and at the same time thank-

ed Heaven for not permitting him to be the cause, through an error in judgment, of his unmerited death. He then asked his daughter, how they became acquainted. She immediately related all that had passed between them at her aunt's—adding, “I hope, sir, you will not condemn me for the choice of a man, in whose favor you owned yourself prejudiced, even when you believed him guilty of the blackest crimes.”

Instead of returning an answer to this speech, he addressed himself to Madame Durand; and after having congratulated her on being the mother of such a son, thus proceeded: “In order to make you some amends, Madam, for the distresses of various kinds in which you have been unfortunately involved, I must desire you to look upon my daughter, for the future, as your own. My fortune shall be settled on her and your son, if you approve of their union.”

It is not easy to describe either the mother's gratitude or the son's exultation, on the conclusion of this address. Lewis and Mademoiselle D'Aubine were sent for to be partakers of their joy: the worthy magistrate then said to Pierre, “Be but as good a husband as you have been a son, and it will be my daughter's own fault, if she is not the happiest of wives.”

---

#### EARL OF LEICESTER.

SINCE the publication of Kenilworth, this celebrated personage is never named without exciting interest and curiosity; we therefore conclude that the following *pun*, to which his political situation gave rise, may not be unacceptable to our readers. The earl was forming a park about Cornbury, and thinking to enclose it with posts and rails, was one day calculating the expense. A gentleman who stood by, told him he did not go the cheapest way to work. “How can I do it cheaper?” said my lord of Leicester. “Why” replied the gentleman, “if your lordship will find *posts*, the country will find *railing*.”



## POETRY.

## SONNET.

Mais les Temps sont changes, aussi bien que les Lieux. *Racine.*

How dear that *time*, on which the weeping thought  
Of pensive Memory delights to dwell;  
When each new day some glorious triumph brought,  
Beyond the power of eloquence to tell!

How dear that *place*, the paradise of thought,  
Where sacred Love and Friendship us'd to dwell  
Where echos faint in every gale are brought,  
That still, to Fancy's ear, of pleasure tell.

On eagle wings the hours of rapture flew,  
And from this bosom every comfort bore;  
Reluctant sorrow bade those scenes adieu,  
Which still to me a pleasing aspect wore.  
The scenes of bliss again these eyes may view,  
But Pleasure's season will return no more!

## SONG.

I want not a goddess, to clasp in my arms,  
With the wisdom of Pallas, or Venus's charms;  
But give me a maiden who smiles without art,  
With sweetness of temper and softness of heart;  
With breeding accomplish'd, and virtue improv'd,  
With soul that can love, yet never has lov'd;  
To her I'd resign all my freedom and ease,  
Contented to love her and happy to please.

I sigh'd when I saw what I lov'd in a maid,  
With graces that won me as soon as survey'd;  
I look'd and I lov'd, but too rashly I find,  
How wretched I should be if she were unkind—  
Her virtue may tempt one more worthy to woo;  
Her taste is so nice and her judgment so true —  
How can I pretend her affections to move,  
With no charms but my music, no merit but love?

But yet she delights in my music and rhyme,  
 And my love is so warm it may melt her in time;  
 Of late as I sung in a passionate strain,  
 She was mov'd with my song, and perhaps with my pain;  
 'Tis foolish to hope—'tis in vain to despair,  
 If I fail to possess her, adieu to the fair—  
 By reading I'll strive to recover my rest,  
 And grow wise in mere spite, if I cannot be blest.

---

WINTER.

FROM THE ATHENEUM.

THE seed time has past, and the harvest is o'er;  
 The voice of the reaper is mute in the dale.  
 The horn of the huntsman awakens no more  
 The silver-ton'd echo, that sleeps in the vale;  
 The blushes of Spring have long faded away,  
 Her evergreen laurels hang frozen around;  
 The "last rose of Summer" has sunk to decay,  
 And Autumn's gray foliage lies mixed with the ground.  
 The call of the sky lark now ceases to hail,  
 And greet with his whistle, the morning's first ray;  
 No longer the ring dove is heard to bewail,  
 And pour forth her grief in her heart-broken lay.  
 Now stalks in his hunger the wolf on the hill,  
 His howl o'er the mountain is hollow and long;  
 The owl from her darkness screams dreary and shrill,  
 And hoots through the desert her desolate song.  
 Hark! thro' the deep forest the woodcutter's stroke!  
 The glens and the lowlands redouble the blow,  
 And, lo! the proud maple and fast rooted oak  
 Like overthrown giants lie prostrate below!  
 In his ice crusted car with hailstones emboss'd,  
 Lo! WINTER has harness'd his silver shod steeds;  
 The storm beaten Monarch, bespangled with frost,  
 Up the slopes of the north triumphantly speeds:—  
 His lances are flying all polished and bare,  
 Their wing o'er the ridges is eager and swift;  
 And oft as his arrows entangle the air,

The ARCHER is seen in the terrible drift!  
The Demon now rides in his hurricane wrath,  
Is bending his bow in the strength of his might;  
Lo! tempest and shipwreck are yok'd in the path  
On the right and the left of his meteor flight!  
Begot in the whiff of his merciless blast,  
The whirlwinds contending in rivalry fly;  
The petrified traveller, benumb'd and aghast,  
Asks shelter in vain of the pitiless sky.  
As the flakes in dark volumes confusedly roll,  
A feeble petition is wrung from his heart;  
His home and his children all rush on his soul,  
And strike thro' his breast like an icicle dart!  
The mists, as they thicken and smother the air,  
Bewilder his footsteps, and madden his brain;  
Distracted and dizzy, he sinks in despair,  
And fainting he cries out for succour in vain.  
Ensnares'd in the pitfall, no longer he tries,  
With bosom unshrouded, and uncover'd head;  
Outstretch'd and unpillow'd behold where he lies!  
The night-winds his requiem, the snow-drift his bed!  
How happy is he, who in safety within,  
Above and below, hears the storm beat about;—  
He heaps on his fuel, nor fears the dread din  
That clamours defiance and threatens without.  
In vain through his casement the wintry winds roar,  
Regardless around him the tempest descend;—  
In vain on his roof the high torrent shall pour,  
And rush in a deluge his shelter to rend!  
But lo! up his knee, each in turn for the kiss,  
In playful contention his little ones try;  
Behold! what a sunshine of fatherly bliss  
Illumines his features, and brightens his eye!  
Now may he forget not the houseless and poor,  
But think on the wretches of want and of woe;  
Now may he forget not what numbers endure,  
Unfed and bare-headed, the cold and the snow!



## MASONIC INTELLIGENCE.

At the annual meeting of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF KENTUCKY, held at Frankfort on the 3d day of December last, the following Grand Officers were elected for the present year.

- M. E. David Graham Cowan, of Danville. *G. H. P.*  
 M. E. William Gibbes Hunt, of Lexington. *D. G. H. P.*  
 E. William Bell, of Shelbyville. *Grand King.*  
 E. Edward Tyler, Jr. of Louisville. *G. S.*  
 Comp. John McKinney, Jr. of Versailles. *Grand Secretary*  
 " Philip Swigert, of Versailles. *Dep. G. Sec'y.*  
 " Oliver G. Waggener, of Frankfort. *G. Treasurer*  
 Rev. " Charles Crawford of Shelby County. *G. Chap. aims*  
 " " Nathan H. Hall, of Springfield. *G. Chap. aims*  
 Comp. Henry Wingate, of Frankfort. *G. M.*  
 " James M. Pike, of Lexington. *G. C. G.*  
 " Francis Reynolds, of Frankfort. *G. Stew.*  
 " Edward S. Coleman, of Frankfort. *G. Tyler.*

The following are the present officers of the several Royal Arch Chapters in Kentucky.

## LEXINGTON CHAPTER No. 1.

[*Stated Meeting last Monday in each month.*]

- |                                |                                      |
|--------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| W. G. Hunt, <i>High Priest</i> | James Graves, <i>Treasurer</i>       |
| Wm. H. Richardson, <i>King</i> | R. McNitt, <i>G M 3d V</i>           |
| Thomas Nelson, <i>S.</i>       | J. F. Jenkins, <i>G M 2d V</i>       |
| B. Metcalfe, <i>C H</i>        | R. J. Breckinridge, <i>G M 1st V</i> |
| James M. Pike, <i>P S</i>      | B. P. Sanders, <i>Capt G</i>         |
| Leslie Combs, <i>R A C</i>     | David A Sayre, <i>Steward</i>        |
| W. H. Rainey, <i>Secretary</i> | Francis Walker, <i>Tyler.</i>        |

## SHELBYVILLE CHAPTER, No. 2.

[*Stated Meeting 2d Monday in each month.*]

- |                                |                                   |
|--------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| Wm Bell. <i>High Priest.</i>   | Wm. Caldwell. <i>Secretary.</i>   |
| J. W. Knight, <i>King</i>      | John Bradshaw. <i>Treasurer</i>   |
| John Willett <i>S.</i>         | John Scott. <i>G M 3d V.</i>      |
| David M'Ilvain, <i>Capt H.</i> | E. M. Roone, <i>G M 2d V.</i>     |
| James Moore, <i>P S</i>        | B. F. Dupuy, <i>G M 1st V</i>     |
| James Bradshaw, <i>R A C</i>   | Aaron Waters, <i>St and Tyler</i> |

## FRANKFORT CHAPTER No. 3.

[*Stated Meeting, 4th Monday in March, May, July, September, and November*]

- |                             |                             |
|-----------------------------|-----------------------------|
| O. G. Waggoner, <i>H P</i>  | T. V. Loofborough, <i>S</i> |
| A. J. Mitchell, <i>King</i> | John Woods, <i>C H.</i>     |

Henry Wingate. *P S*  
 A F Macurdy. *R A C*  
 Jacob Swigert. *Secretary*  
 Russell Lewis. *Treasurer*  
 Harry I. Thornton. *G M 3d V*

L. Wilkinson. *G M 2d V*  
 Benjamin Ely. *G M 1st V*  
 Daniel Epperson. *C G*  
 Francis Reynolds. *S and T*

#### DANVILLE CHAPTER No. 4.

[*Stated Meeting, 3d Saturday in each month*]

David G. Cowan. *H Priest*  
 William Masterson. *King*  
 M. J. Youce. *Scribe*  
 D. A. Russell. *Capt H*  
 F. Yeiser. *P S*  
 Thomas Cowan. *R A C*  
 Willis Curd. *Secretary*

B. H. Perkins. *Treasurer*  
 John Fleece. *G M 3d V*  
 John Yeiser. *G M 2d V*  
 Rob. Russell. *G M 1st V.*  
 Samuel Parrish. *C G*  
 Thomas Collins *S & T*

#### LOUISVILLE CHAPTER, No. 5.

[*Stated Meetings, the last Monday in each month*]

Edward Tyler. Jr. *H P*  
 John Sutton. *King*  
 Wm. Read. *Scribe*  
 Wm. F. Pratt. *C H*  
 Wm. D. Payne. *P S*  
 John H. Crane. *R A C*  
 E. T. Bainbridge. *Secretary.*

George S. Butler. *Treas.*  
 Isaac Stewart. *G M 3d V*  
 James L. Bogart. *G M 3d V*  
 Samuel Dickinson. *G M 1st V*  
 John P. Bl d. *C G*  
 William Ferguson. *Steward*  
 Coleman Daniel. *Tyler*

#### WEBB CHAPTER, No. 6. HELD AT VERSAILLES.

[*Stated Meetings, 3d Tuesday in each month*]

Thomas P. Hart. *H P*  
 W. B. Blackburn. *K*  
 J. McKinney. Jr. *S*  
 J. Swigert. *Capt H*  
 W. H. Cosby. *P S*  
 C. J. Blackburn *R A C*

Philip Swigert. *Secretary*  
 John Buford. *Treas.*  
 J. H. Smith. *G M 3d V*  
 J. S. Berryman. *G M 2d V*  
 V. McKnight. *G M 1st V*

#### COLUMBIA CHAPTER. No. 7.

[*Stated Meeting, Thursday succeeding 1st Monday in each month*]

Wm. Owens. *High Priest*  
 Nathan Gaither. *King*  
 Benjamin Bell. *Scribe*  
 George Yeiser. *C H*  
 Thomas Butler. *P S*  
 William Minter. *R A C*

Benjamin Selby. *Sec. & Trea.*  
 Charles Hayes. *G M 3d V*  
 James M'Crosky. *G M 2d V*  
 Charles Hayes. *G M 1st V.*  
 G. C. Hayes. *S and T*

#### RUSSELLVILLE CHAPTER. No. 8.

Anthony Butler. *H P*  
 Samuel H. Curd. *King*

William L. Sands. *S*

## WINCHESTER CHAPTER, U. D.

William McMillan, *H. P.*John D. Thomas, *S*Asa K. Lewis, *King*

The following Grand Officers of the GRAND ROYAL ARCH CHAPTER OF OHIO, were duly elected at the late convocation at Columbus.

M. E. Phineas Ross, of Lebanon, *G H P*M. E. William Burke, of Cincinnati, *D G H P*E. Joseph S. Hughes, of Delaware *G K*E. Sam. R. Miller, of Cincinnati, *G S*Comp. Benjamin Gardiner, of Columbus, *G Sec'y.*" Lincoln Goodale, of Columbus, *G Treas.*Rev. " James M'Abov, *G Chaplain*" Abraham J. McDowell, *G Marshall*

Officers elected in the ENCAMPMENT OF KNIGHTS TEMPLARS, at Providence, R I on Monday Dec 3, 1821.

John Carlisle, Grand Master

Gardner Vaughn, Treasurer

Asa Bosworth, Generalissimo

John Holroyd, Recorder

Henry Munford Capt. Gen.

Jonathan Nichols, Warder

George Taft, Prelate,

John Truman, Stan. Bearer

Joseph Tompkins, *S W*

J. H Ormsbee, Sword Bearer

Samuel Y Atwell, *J W*

Bernon Dunn, Guard

Officers elected in the Providence Royal Arch Chapter, on Thursday evening, November 8, 1821.

Peter Grinnell, High Priest

John T. Jackson, Treasurer

Henry Munford, King

John Holroyd, Secretary

Thomas Whitaker, Scribe

Jesse Clarke, 3d M V.

Joseph S. Cooke, *C. H.*

Franklin Cooley, 2d M V

John H. Ormsbee *P. S.*

Stephen Rawson, 1st M V.

Samuel Y. Atwell, *R A C*

At the Grand Annual Convocation of the GRAND LODGE OF OHIO. held on the 10th of December 1821, the following Grand Officers were elected for the ensuing year.

M W John Snow, *G M & G Lec*Solo. Smith, *G J D*R W E. Whittlesey, *D G M*N. Harris, *G S B*W John Cotton, *G S W*

J. Snow,

W T B. Van Horne, *G J W*

S. Smith,

Br. L Goodale, *G Treasurer*

J. M'Lane,

A. J. M'Dowell, *G Secr'y*

B. Gardiner,

D F Reeder, *G Mar.*

Joel Buttles,

Rev. Jos. S. Hughes, *G Chap*

R. W. Chapman,

Br. Th. Corwin, *G Orator*

Wm. W. Reed,

'Tim. Baker, *G S D*Wm. Long, *G St & T.*

} Stewards of  
} Grand Charity  
} Fund.

} G. Pur.